A Great Fight Between a Silver Tip Bear and Two Mountain Lions.

STORIES OF BEARS.

Old Grizzly Scott, With His Record of Nearly 400 Slain Bears.

The Big Silver Tip Settles the Lions, and Then a Bullet Settles Him-The Great Orinzites that Manitoba Used to Hide in Its Wild Hills-They are Becoming Scarce Now-A Tough Old Bear-California's Ovent Hunten-Poyes at Home in the Nutmer State-Pike County's Panther-Beasts and Birds Everywhere at All. FORT CUSTER, Jan. 23 .- When I wrote that

letter to The Sun describing the way Sage-brush Bill and I and the Englishman were treed by a herd of seven grizzlies, and how we sat up there watching them fighting together in the moonlight, may be you remember me speaking of a fight I once saw between a big silver-tip bear and a pair of mountain lions. I don't know how it works down East, but, by jumping tarantulas! if ever you get to talking about the Old Harry out here in Montana he is sure to turn up. I had just received my copy of THE SUN at the Custer Post Office the other day and was reading the story of the seven grizzlies to the boys in the sutler's store. I had just got to where mention was made of the fight with the mountain lions when who should some slouching in but old Long Dog and a brace of squaws.

The curious thing about his appearance at that moment came from the fact that Long Dog was the very Injun who was with me at the time, and the only other human beingpardon me for alluding to Injuns as human beings, but Long Dog is white clear through except his hide-that saw the fight. The coincidence struck me at once as being very curious, and I mentioned it to the boys. Parson Pete-you remember Pete, the one who generally reads THE SUN bear yarns to the boys in his shack of an evening-allowed that the same rule in respect to the appearance of the devil applied with equal force to Injuns, and parit was certainly strange that Long Dog should happen in just at that moment. If it hadn't been for that and the talk it stirred up, I don't know that I should have thought the fight worth writing to you about.

This fight between the silver tip and the

mountain lions happened some little time ago. In those days I was in Government employ and used to do right smart rambling around with the Crows whenever they wandered off the reservation in search of game. Every fall, about the end of October, the band to which Long Dog belonged used to range down through the Powder River country after elk and buffalo, both of which were at that time plentiful. The Injuns pitched their topees on se piece of good camping ground and then scattered out after game. The squaws stayed in camp to jerk the meat and dress the hides. In this way the tribe used to cure most enough to last them all winter.
One day Long Dog and I had gone out with

s hunting party of young bucks that were scouring the country for buffalo sign in the neighborhood of Pumpkin Buttes. The party had divided up and spread out over the country in twos and threes. Long Dog and I and a young buck named Two Knives struck off together up through the cottonwood timber that gether up through the cottonwood timber that fringes the river for a width of half a mile or go. Before going far we bowled over a fine buck elk, and started Two Knives back to camp with the carcass. Long Dog and I kept on up through the cottonwoods. An hour or so after parting company with young Two Knives we caught sight of a big sliver-tip bear on the other side of the river. He was standing on his hind legs, digging the touchwood out of a bellow tree. This is a favorite pastime of bears, and particularly brown bears and silver tips, who have a keen partiality for the big, fat inch grubs that make their home in the decayed cottonwood.

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The bear was so absorbed in his pursuit that we had no trouble in wheeling our cayases around and retreating out of sight without attracting attention. It was about 300 yards from where we stood to the bear, and Long Dog and I both agreed that to nump lead at a silver tip at that distance would be merely a waste of good ammunition.

"What had we better do, Long Dog?" said I. "Ugh, henp kill," replied the Injun; and, pointing down the river, he led the way in an almost opposite direction from the bear. We continued on down to a ford, where a bend in the river hid us from the bear, and crossed over. Riding on up the other side a short distance we hitched the bronches behind a clump of box alders and proceeded cautiously toward the bear. The immediate edge of the river was thickly finged with box alders and mountain willows, and through these we at length began to crawl on hands and knees, with the idea of taking the silver tip by surprise at close quarters. With an old seasoned Injun hunter of Long Dog's calibre leading the way, this part of the proceeding was easy enough. He wormed and twisted through the thick willows as silek as a beaver without ever snapping a dead twig. All I had to downsto crawl along in the trail close behind. We had almost got to the point where we had been expecting to be able to use our Winchesters with some certainty when Long Dog halted, and, without uttering a grunt reached back over his shoulder and raised his finger as warning for me to lay low, his piercing black eves glowed and twinkled like a pair of black with his moccasin. As the old Injun looked back over his shoulder and raised his finger as warning for me to lay low, his piercing black eves glowed and twinkled like a pair of black eves glowed and twinkled like a pair of black eves gl

the old Injun hunter knew at a glance that the mountain lion was lying there watching the mountain lion was lying there watching the mountain lion was lying there watching the mountain lion was a thrilling one, even for an old hunter. From where we lay, scarcely daring to draw breath for fear of betraying our presence, we could see one side of the silver tip's big hairy body as he stood up and clawed away at the hollow tree, and on the other hand there was the mountain lion's four-foot tail waving to and fro in the narrow deer path like the tail of an angry cat. All of a sudden, biff went a big tawny object through the air as quickly and noiselessly as if it had been the flash of a shadow. But now the silence, which had hardly been violated at all by the industrious bear at the tree, was broken rudely by a whole woodful of savage roars, youls, smans, snars, and stand offs. Under the cottonwood tree stood a big mountain lion in an attitude of deflance, scowing at the bear, which looked anxious to attack him and yet half inclined to back away.

There is always something unspeakably comical about a bear to me, whichever way you take him, and even under the exciting conditions of the occasion the old silver tip seemed to me to wear a clownish look. He stood there a few moments weaving his big lumbering body backward and forward, as though he didn't care a pine needle whether the lion intended tacking him again or not. Ict we could see the blood gently ozing out of the long silvery wool on his shoulder, where the mountain lion had gouged into him when he made the spring; for the rawny shadow we had seen flash through the air was the lion as he sprang on the unsuspecting bear.

A low excited "Ughi" from Long Dog and another motion of his finger caused me to glance again into the clump of wildow. Take my head for coyote bait if the lion's tail wasn't still in the deer path, a-thrashing like fury. Before you could say "whiskey" twice, however, biff went a linear thought, the willows had sheltered two.

And now the circ

mons. First one party seemed to be getting the best of the fight and then the other. The lions were on top most of the time, however, for the silver tip seemed to think he would stand a better show if he kept down on his back and fought with all four of his paws at liberty. The way he worked those paws was a caution. Once or twice during the first few minutes the lions came in for vicious scrapes that ripped long red gashes in their hides, and they backed off a few paces and uttered dismail howis, as though bewailing their hurts. This gave the old bear a chance to pull himself together, and he stood up and weaved back and forth and moaned, sorrowful like, as though he would a heap rather see his assailants turn around and walk off than come at him again. This was in the early stage of the fight, before the bear had property got his mad up.

It was a protity even match considering everything. A mountain lion can walk all around a bear for quickness, and two of them together are able to make things mighty uncomfortable for almost any kind of an animal. But, on the other side, their hides are right smart tenderer than a bear's, with no wool to speak of; and an old silver tip has more lives than a dozen mountain lions.

After sparling and grinning at each other

for almost any kind of an animal. But, on the other side, their hides are right smart tenderer than a bear's, with no wool to speak of; and an old silver tip has more lives than a dozen mountain lions.

After snarling and grinning at each other awhile, "wore-r-r! quow-r-r! passss! spit! year-w-r-r! whool! zippp!!" they were at it again, the bear down on his back a-thrashing and enapping like mad to stand the ilons off. The lions, however, badiy lacerated as they were in the first two rounds, seemed determined to chew the bear up. They flew at him like twin furies, biting and tearing away with such demoniacal ferocity that more than one guttural. "Ugh!" involuntarily oscaned Long Dog's lips as we lay there and looked on. Ten minutes after the commencement, it became very evident that the fight couldn't last much longer. The skin of one of the llons' left side was hanging in ribbons, and the other one seemed to have half its face torn away. Owing to the bear's heavy cont it showed up at this stage of the struggle a heap perter than the lions; but, all the same, it was dyed from head to tail with its own blood. All three were becoming somewhat weaker from loss of blood, but the silver tip was by far the likeliest-looking animal of the three, As the fight progressed he got madder than a hornet all through, and instead of weaving and moaning when the llons drew off for a breathing spell, he took to chasing them around. The llons kent clear of him until they got good and rendy to waltz in and on him again, when they made the fur fly for all their teeth and claws were worth.

When the lions drew off for the fourth time, one of them had his belly ripped open and his entrails were dragging on the ground. He soon got so weak that he couldn't keep out of the hold bear's reach. The silver tip fetched him a savage swipe over the head that tore away the scalp. He then flung himself on the helpless lion and finished him up in a fine burst of savage fury.

The bear was now boss of the field, but he was growing so weak that he

GRIZZLY SCOTT

A California Bear Killer with a Record of

San Francisco, Jan. 20 .- The legitimate successor of Grizzly Adams is Sylvester Scott of Dry Creek, Sonoma county, California. Mr. Scott has lived on a ranch eight miles west of Cloverdale, in the heart of the bear country, for twenty-five years, and he has killed more bears than any other man in North America. His ranch is a 3,000-acre patch of the finest bench land west of the Russian River, and when he first settled there he used most of it for grazing, and raised some fat cattle and good horses There were more bears in the mountains o Sonoma county than anywhere else, and they speedily developed a taste for Mr. Scott's beef that was more flattering than profitable. Mr. Scott appreciated the compliment, and reciprocated by cultivating an insatiable appetite for bear meat. The grizzlies were the worst depredators, although the black and brown pears were not slow. The big gray fellowshad special liking for horse meat, and no sooner would Scott's colts get big enough to travel around the mountains than along would come the bears and chew the best of them up. So Mr. Scott began to accumulate a pack of bear dogs. By crossing mastiffs and hounds with Russian terriors he secured a breed of pups that would tackle anything that wore hair. He tried to get some Southern bloodhounds to make the pack perfect, but did not succeed. The crossed breed, however, proved to have good wind, seent, and speed, and they were all



Mr. Scott is a tall, athletic mountaineer. straight as an arrow, with nerve enough to throttle wildcats, and a sure shot with any sort of firearm. He is now about 45 years old, and not pretty enough to be a dude. In Sonoma he is known as the boss grizzly obliterator of California. He came into the city yesterday, wearing a broad-brimmed black hat, loose-fit-ting clothes, and heavy boots, and when he ting clothes, and heavy boots, and when he shook hands with a man his grip was like a bear's hug. Mr. Scott was asked how many bears he had obliterated in his time. He said: "I have killed in all, during the twenty-five years that I have lived on my mountain ranch, not less than 385 bears. I quit keeping count after a while, and the exact number is certainly something more. I have also killed a great many California lions and wildcats, but I never kept any record of them. For eight years I got away with an average of 44 bears a year, and probably 10 or 12 pantiers. The bears were principally brown and black, but there were a great many grizzlies too. The best bear year was 1878, when I got 64, sometimes killing four in one day. For the last three years I haven't hunted much, because bears are getting scarce in my neck-o'-woods.

"I've read lots of yarns about fellows fighting bears with butcher knives, but I reckon those stories are not told by genuine bear hunters. They don't sound just right. I never allowed myself to get away from my gun, and I never fought with a knife. I never got into any collar-and-eibow wrestle with a grizzly, and don't want to, but I've blowed the heads off 'em when they were within two feet of the end of my gun, and that's close enough.

"The closest call I ever had was in the spring of '81, four or five miles west of my place, in a deen guich covered with a rank growth of chaparral. A holy terror of a grizzly had been living on the fat of the land in Sonoma county for about eight years. He had killed loads of beef and mutton, and every hunter in the county had been out looking for him. I had been out myself on his trail for several years, He had been out looking for him. I had been out myself on his trail for several years. He had been frapped and shot lots of times, but always got away. He was a rouser—at least a 1.500-pounder. I concluded to make a business of downing the oid fellow, and set out with his pare to steep for him to climb. They brought him to bay in a clump of chemisal shook hands with a man his grip was like a bear's hug. Mr. Scott was asked how many

with great sharp teeth, seemed about a yard wide. When he got within two feet of the muzzle. I let him have it, and he fell as dead as a nail, with a big hole in his head. My dogs had fought that bear from early morning until 4 in the afternoon before I could get a shot at him. I can't say that I felt particulary scared. I knew I had to make a centre shot, and it wouldn't be healthy to get nervous, even if it did look scaly; but I was sure of my gun, and knew what was going to happen to Mister Bear. There's no fun in shooting a bear sitting up in a tree. That's like squirrel hunting. When they come at you for a fight there's some sport in it.

"Un on Pieta Creek, sight or nine years ago, John Rogers and I had dead loads of fun with a black bear that weighed about 400 pounds. We worked a good while to get at him, but the brush was so thick and the ground so rough and rocky that he got away. The dogs kept at their work, but the track was hard to follow. Finally I came down along a big ledge, and saw a pair of bear feet sticking out of a cleft. I knew we had his royai nibs in a hole, and, putting a inriat around his legs, I hauled him out, liogers knocked him on the head as he came out, and the bear and I went tumbling down among the rocks all in a heap. He was stunned, and we finished him in short order.

"I don't suppose there ever was a better place for bears on the globe than among the canons and cliffs of Sonoma. The mountains are high and rough, and the gorges very rugged and overgrown with trees and brush. A fellow has to be careful about poking into the ravines, as he is liable to be jumped on in a twinkling by a grizzly. The grizzly is a bad cuss all round. I never take but half my pack of dogs on a hunt, because the other half is generally laid up for repairs. In every fight some of them get crippled, and sometimes a grizzly kills a few.

"Thave a number of guns that are good for bear. The first I used was a Hawkina muzzleloader. Then I got a Sharps 50-calibre, and cust sold with the natives, and have a

of trophies they had gathered in all parts of the world. The bears killed by Scott, if placed end to end, would stretch a mile.

MANITOBA GRIZZLIES.

Pierce and Aggressive Beasts, Nine Post in Length and Girth, but Becoming Rare. "As enormous and formidable a beast as is the grizzly bear that has its range in haupts in the United States, it is far exceeded in size and ferocity by the bear of the same family that makes its home in the bleak and wild hills of Manitoba," said Mr. J. H. Inman, formerly fur contracting agent of the Hudson's Bay Company in that territory. "I do not know any reason why the grizzly bear of the Manitoba Rockies should grow so much larger than the grizzly of the same mountains in the States but a long experience in hunting these bears in their respective localities has proved to me that such is the fact. I never killed or trapped a grizzly south of Manitoba that measured more than seven feet and a half from nozzle to tail, with probably the same girth, or one that weighed more than 1,200 pounds. It was no fronted in the solitudes of Manitoba by one of and with a bulk of 1,600 pounds or more. When Manitoba grizzly throws itself on its great haunches and rises up before a hunter, it towers often five or six feet above him, and it takes a brave man to stand in that most formidable presence, with steady nerves and a cool head. I have more than once discovered the measuring marks of a grizzly's front claws on the bark of a tree trunk seventeen feet from the ground. Imagine coming suddenly upon a beast like that in some deep ravine o some isolated spot almost impassable with lown timber, and surrounded by rocks and thick underbrush. The sight of his great jaws, open and red. and his eyes flashing in fury at you from the enormous head that towers so far above you. is something only to be appre-

far above you, is something only to be appreciated when once seen.

"Fifteen years ago the grizzly bear was so numerous among the Manitoba Rockies that the Hudson Bay Company annually secured many hundreds of their skins from the hunters and trappers, but they are now quite a rarity, and I doubt if one can be seen without a tedious journey of at least 500 miles into the interior of the territory. They have met almost as hard a fate as the buffalo, although from the nature of their haunts, and the difficulties attending the hunting and trapping of them, they, like the Manitoba moose, will never become extinct. I believe the moose, although it requires the flash of at least 2,000 to supply the military stations alone in the territory with fresh meat every year, is as plenty in his wild retreats as he has been at any time since the great fur and polt hunting inroads on the game animals of the territory was begun.

"I have read within the past few months many interesting and thrilling accounts in The Sun of hunting the grizzly bear in the great Western Territories, and they have realied to me many exciting incidents I have seen and participated in during my five years' experience in the Manitoba wildernesses. Once, seen and participated in during my live years experience in the ainnitoba wildernesses. Once, in company with a half-breed named Jacques. I company with a half-breed named Jacques. I company with a half-breed named Jacques. I company in a piece of poplar forest which is among the most abundant of timber about the base of the Manitoba Bockies, and the opening had previously been taken possession of by about as big a grizzly bear as I had ever seen. My companion was a typical specimen of his kind-tail, wiry, gaunt, a bundle of muscles and sinews. I don't believe he ever knew what fear was, and was as calm and unmoved in the presence of an infurinted grizzly as he would have been with a dying coyote. At the same time he had the caution and histartion of all good half-breed hunters in attacking a grizzly and at one on the same time of the same time of the countings. In consist we should be compelled to come to close quarters with the bear. Our appearance in the opening had been a surprise to the bear, which was engaged in tearing with its great front claws a decayed log to pieces in search of grubs—a curious paradox in nature, an enormous, flerce, formidable beast, with power to tear to pieces the largest buffalo buil with a few blows of its claws, digging in rotten timber for the smallest insect life and feeding upon it. After recovering from its first surprise the bear towored aloft on its hind feet, and relieved itself by several rozars that were was foreasy at the statistic of the head, and feel word and statistic up above its head, and feel grizzly bear—lacques took cool and quiet aim, and sent a ball, into the vitals of the huge bear, which gave two or three power few on a grizzly bear—lacques took cool and guiet aim, and sent a ball, into the vitals of the huge bear, which gave two or three power for hyard followed; it, las my half-breed guide raised clear from his feet, hurled through the air for three or four yards, and fall in a heap on the ground asset and had been forced whith the province of the power

several minutes. His left side had been crushed by the beur's second obargs, and the poor fellow was bruised and torn shockingly is other places. I got him safely to our quarters, and it was a month before he got around again. He was terribly disfigured, the one side of his face being a ghastly sear, but he recovered his former strength, and the last I ever heard of him he was still hunting grizzlies, and many had fallen under his deadly aim since his close call in the popiar woods, the time my timely shot saved his life.

"While I believe that a grizzly bear will in a majority of cases wait for a fight with a man, and take pains to get in the way of one, there are times when it will seem to think better of it and back out. A remarkable instance of this kind I heard of once, where a famous Manitoba guide courageously advanced upon three grizzlies, an old she one and two nall-grown young bears, and by a series of ridiculous monkey shines and acrobatic manceuvres on the ground within a rod or two of the bears filled them with such astonishment and apparent foar that the three retreated into the woods with all rapidity. The guide's gun had snapped in both barrels, he having drawn on the old bear before the young ones appeared. He afterward said that it was in a fit of desperation that he tried the turning of a handspring, and jumping up and down, flooping his hands, and resorting to other unhunterlike measures. He had been told once that a hunter had frightened a mountain lion away by similar absurd movements, and he found that it worked to perfection in the case of the bears, although he did not encourage any one to go hunting grizzlies armed with nothing more than a capacity to turn somersaults.

"When a grizzly and a buffalo on the plains the Manitoba grizzlies were great hunters of them. When a grizzly and a buffalo met there was always sure to be a contest, but it seldom lasted long, and the buffalo was usually the victim. The buffalo was leading the fatal blow as quick as lightning with one of his fore paws

and forbid the cemmony.

On the farm of Mr. Edgar R. Baldwin, not long ago, they had become so numerical and one of the farm of Mr. Edgar R. Baldwin, not long ago, they had become so numerical and one of three turkeys that foxes had telled, and placed it in his front yard, where it was easy to find. That night three fine foxes came, and strychinie and turkey proved to be such an attractive banquet that they stayed. Mr. Baldwin act is in bounty for them and it for the find win got is in bounty for them and it for the find win got is in bounty for them and it for the find win got is in bounty for them and it for the find win got is in bounty for them and it for the find the find and the THE BIGGEST BEAR TET. Shot Twice in 1878, and Had Two Bullets MILFORD, Pa., Jan. 28 .- One day in the fall of 1878 Jacob Benseley of Lehman township, this county, discovered a bear prowling near his pig pen. The fact of the boar's presence was not surprising, as it was no uncommon of Pike county ten years ago, so that it would did not see a bear while journeying to or from meet one every mile or so. Mr. Benseley was therefore not at all surprised when he saw that morning the particular hear mentioned, but he was surprised at the animal's unusual size. Mr. Benseley was 68 years old at that time, and had been a bear hunter for more than fifty years. He had killed bears by the score, and of all sizes and shades. He had not only killed bears, but while panthers still existed in Pike county he was a famous slayer of having killed the last panther ever seen in the ing in the woods near the falls of the Shohola. But among all the great wild denizons of the forest that Hunter Benseley had lain low with his rifle, this bear that cast a longing eye on the inmates of his pig sty that autumn morning had no equal for size or formidable appearance. The big bear did not show any sign that hunter Benseley's presence on the scene had any disturbing effect on his intentions of the pig sty, and the old backwoodsman went back in his house and got his rifle. He lodged two builtets in the bear before the animal was conviaced that Benseley was determined in his objection to its feeding on his porkers, and it went howling and bleeding into the woods. The hunter was not in the habit of seeing anything that he drew his rifle on walk away, and the persistence on the part of this bear in not dying after having two of the old dead shot's builtets in his body was the greatest surprise that Hunter Benseley ever had in his whole career in the woods. He summoned his son, James Madison Benseley, and the two followed the bear to the woods, escaped hit on jungle. How who yaw a up the chase, the old man believing that the bear would die from his wounds. As the big animal was not seen again, either slone or in company with any of the bears of less builk in the township, Hunter Benseley's opinion that the two bullets he had lodged in the bear had done for him was generally accepted as correct.

Time passed, and the big bear censed to be a subject for discussion in the township. A year ago Uncle Jake Benseley, as he was known all over Pike county, died, and the work of keeping down the bears in Lehman and adjoining townships fell to other hands. During the past fall Mad. Benseley, while on his way to Milford one day, saw a bear cross the road in front of him, not far from his house, and the great size of the animal at once recalled the big bear of 1878. The bear got away in the woods. When Mad, returned home he spread the hews that the bear had come had, see and he work of keeping down his past had not believe there could be two bears of that size in the county. It was bigger, he declared, than the one Tunis Smith killed in Green township in 1893. and the fact and h UNDOUBTEDLY A PANTHER. MILFORD, Pa., Jan. 26.—The hunters of Pike county have something of more importance in the way of game to engage their atten-

year. Bears had become commonplace, Wild-cats were a drug in the sporting market Ennul had taken hold of the backwoodsmer and they were pining for something to put life in the woods and spirit in the conversation about the tavern back log, when the something came in shape unexpected. In fact, if one-half the stories brought in from the back regions about it are true, its shape is such that no per son now on earth could reasonably have expected to see or even hear of it. It is much larger than a panther. Those who have had the good fortune to see the animal say it has the general appearance of a panther, only that its head is larger, and that its feet are webbed. Shohola township, years ago, was a favorite haunt of panthers, its dense swamps and many rocky fissures and caverns makinglit especially adapted to the uses of that ferocious beast. Shohola Falls and vicinity were particularly noted as localities where the seeker after a panther hunt could sliways be accommodated in remarkably short time. It is that particular remarkably short time. It is that particular iocality which has been chosen for the visitor of the present time as the scene of its exploits.

The tracks of this enlarged panther with the web feet were seen in several places in the snow along the ravines of Shohola Creek and in other places before the animal itself was seen. It first appeared to three little girls who were on their way home from school. It amused itself by chasing the children, but whether it was a lack of plumpness on the part of the youngsters, or an objection on the part of the animal to mixing its victuals with copper-toed shoes and woollen hoods, the beast committed no overt act, but merely rounded the children up and corralled them in the first house they came to. The beast then bounded away into the woods. It left its unmistakable and entirely new trail deep in the snow, and was followed by several determined hunters, but the animal escaped.

It was not seen again until the afternoon of Thursday of last week. Then Gib McKean, the younger, discovered it in his barnyard, along the Shohola, two miles from the Falls, actively engaged in decreasing the size of Gib's hord by one fat heifer, Gib McKean the younger is old enough to be an unterrified Pike county bear hunter, and he lost no time in interfering with the beefing operation of the web-jooted intruder. The latter's reputation for ferocity and courage seems to have suffered greatly in the minds of many citizens because it did not resent Gib's interference, but made itself scarce at once; but it is evident that those clitzens don't know the general appearance of a panther, only that its head is larger, and that its feet are webbed.

for nothing.
Gib McKean, the younger, hurried to his house.

FOXES IN CONNECTICUT. They are Taking the Pince of Men in Some of the Mountain Villages. NOBWICH, Jan. 28 .- Talland county produces some good for dogs, and as eastern Connecticut is overrun with foxes, they have plenty

to do. Colburn of Coventry has bagged ten foxes since the season opened, and D. S. Root and son on the same village boast of their hound Peter, which has followed eleven foxes to the

years old, and fifty-three foxes have been shot

There is a strong rivalry among the county hunters, and Root and son's friends repose so much confidence in the skill of those cham-pions that they have agreed to back them, with

dog Pete, against any other hunters in the county, the judges in the contest "to count foxes, men, and dogs" in the spring. There is likely to be a grand general hunt soon, a "free-

likely to be a grand general hunt soon, a "freefor-all" round-up of Taliand county hunters,
who will meet on some morning at daybreak in
the neighborhood of Coventry, when the hounds
will be let go, and there will be a day of sport.
In this county the hunters have been equally
active since the snow came. The kennel club
here show the brushes of four foxes, all of
which were shot before their Kentucky-bred
hounds, within the town limits, and not a mile
and a half from Main street in this city. In
Franklin, a lew miles north of the city, hunters
have bagged nine or ten foxes, yet so plentiful
are the animals in this town and the adjacent
towns of Franklin and Bozrah, that the hunters
seldom fail to start three or four each forencon,
and the braying of hounds is the daily morning music on the hills and among the valleys
about this city. In Columbia, twelve miles
from here, in Tolland county, foxes are so plentiful that the farmers barely take the trouble
to look at a fox that is leisurely trotting across
their fields or along the highways in the middie of the day. Yoxes trot into dooryards in
the day, mate proposals to a hen or turkey,
and, without awaiting her consent, toss her

siayer did, showing that he hasn't the big head for nothing.

Gib McKean, the younger, hurried to his house, got his gun and started in pursuit of the huge beast, which he describes as being nearly as big as the helfer it started out to absorb. The animal had taken a course down the Shohola Creek, and when Gib McKean, the younger, got to the house of Gib McKean, the younger, got to the house of Gib McKean, the viewer and the place of the elder McKean, and had only then just disappeared around a bend in the creek. The two Gib McKean, soliowed the track of the animal for miles in its shuous and rapid course, and had to give it up as night came on, and return home without a shot. Since then the skeletons of two deer, which must have been slain weeks ago, have been discovered in a ravine not far from Shohola Falls and their taking off is charged to the beast of prey which has so shrewdly cluded the efforts of the beast and most persistent hunters to capture it. The last reports from Shohola say that the animal had made its appearance near the western end of Shohola Glen, not more than a mile and a half from the Eric Railway, at Shohola station.

John Hess and Edward Shadler live near there, and three dogs belonging to them made to be no space of time botween their attacking barks and their dying yelps. After disposing of the Hess and Shadler dogs, the monster returned to the woods. It has not been seen alone, but many evidences that it is still prowing in the Shohola region are daily apparent, especially in the vicinity of a wild locality along the creek known as Canal Rock.

Col. C. N. Pine of the Millord Despatch, who is pretty good authority on almost everything, says that the animal that has created such a sensation in Shohola is evidently a panther of unusual size that has strayed into Pike county from the adjacent county of Sullivae in New York State. "As to the web in its feet," says the Colonel, "everybody knows that the feet of all animals of the cat kind are compacity con structed, having that little spac

than a year ago in Dingman township, near the Shohola line, and thas it is not improbable that one or two of these animals have been in Pike county ever since. "While this dangerous animal and its mate, if it has a mate, are in our forests," insists the Colone, "there should be a determined effort made by our hunters to overtake and kill them. Hunting the panther is very exciting sport, and, now that the season for deer hunting is past, and bears being rather scarce, the Nimrods of Pike county, and especially those of Shohola and adjacent townshirs, should sailly forth in search of them, and while they are at it look out for wildcats."

The presence of this big animal in the Shohola woods, whether it be a panther or not, has brought up many interesting reminiscences of the early days on the Shohola Creek in which panthers participated. One is the story, told by an old resident of Shohola, of the wife of a hunter named Ben Haynes, who lived near the mouth of the Shohola many years ago. One day, while her husband was on a hunting trip, she left their cabin with her baby to do some washing at the creek. The baby was but a few months old, and Mrs. Haynes laid it on the ground near by where she was doing her washing. As she was busy "pounding her elothes she heard a cry from her child, and looking up saw a large panther moving deliberately off with it in his mouth. She started in pursuit, carrying her heavy clothes pounder as a weapon. The panther did not seem to be able to move very fast, and Mrs. Haynes overtook him. Attacking him with her pounder she forced him to drop the child, and a few blows from her novel weapon put him to flight.

EAGLES AND WILD TURKETS.

A Mountain Region in Central Pennsylvania Where Both are Still Plenty.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 26.—The impression is general throughout the East that the wild turkey and the eagle have no abiding place in this country any more except far out among the mountains and wild plains of the great West; yet it is a fact that the mountains of several counties of central Pennsylvania are still thickly populated by the wild turkey, as the sportsmen of Pottsville, Rending, Lancaster, Harris-burg, and other towns well know, while instead of the eagle being extinct, except in isolated and far-away haunts it is in fact more numerous in the ranges of the countles of this State referred to than the farmers care to have it. The great Blue Mountain range, together with all the many sub-ranges and independent hills and ridges of the adjacent counties, are natural breeding and feeding grounds of the wild turkey, and provide several species of eagle with cyries so inaccessible and fields of prey so extensive and fruitful that the advances of civilization made on every side have as yet been insufficient to drive them from their

so extensive and fruitful that the auvances of civilization made on every side have as yet been insufficient to drive them from their chosen haunts.

Persons who have never visited these regions other than the large towns, have no idea of the extent and depth of the wilderness areas that abound within a short journey of the biggest towns—even the capital of the State. Wild turkeys are killed in large numbers every fall within fifteen miles of Harrisburg, and in the county within which the city is situated. It requires but a short journey from Pottsville or Reading to enjoy the same sport, while all of the small villages are centres from which the sportsman may find turkey hunting to his heart's desire, any time from early fall until the deep snows of winter make the sport not only unpleasant but dangerous.

Any one who has ever tramped over the Blue Mountains has noticed the great number of tall, dead, and almost branchiess tree trunks that stand on the highest and rockiest summits, out of the reach of the boldest mountain climber. Early in the morning, or toward nightfall, one or more great birds may be seen hovering about the tops of these dead and sentinel-like trunks. The birds are baid eagles, or, perhaps, in rare cases, a golden eagle. The eagles select these dead trees on the isolated meaks to build their nexts in. It is one of the hovering about the tops of these dead and sentinel-like trunks. The birds are baid eagles, or, perhaps, in rare cases, a golden eagle. The eagles select these dead trees on the isolated peaks to build their nests in. It is one of the superstitions of the Blue Mountain woodsman that it is the presence of the eagles and their nests in the trees that kills the latter, but the fact is that if a tree is not doad in the first place an eagle will not select it for its nesting place. The bird uses the bare trunk as a post of observation. Sometimes the top of a naked and inaccessible rock serves the purpose.

It may be that the presence of the wild turkey is such numbers may account for the eagle, so rare in similar localities, retaining his home among these mountains, for in all his predatory rounds this great marauder of the air could not find a richer prize as his prey. The habits of the eagle keep it almost constantly away from the sight of man, and it is only when the depletion of a sheepfold is begun systematically and regularly that the farmer is warned that an eagle or two is near, and that by hidding himself near the fold he may surprise the strong-beaked robber at his work, and finish his career with a well-directed rifle bail. A baid eagle measuring over seven feet from tip to tip of his wings was recently shot by a turkey hunter on the Second Mountain, in Schuylkill county, the eagle having within closer range.

A CALIFORNIA PANTHER

Hunted Two San Francisco Hunter and Made it Hot for Them,

San Francisco, Jan. 18 .- John M. Gannon and Frank Murray have just returned from a hunt for big game in Mendocino county. As Mr. Gannon's right arm is in a sling and Mr. Murray is all done up in sticking plaster, it is supposed that they found what they were looking for. They intended to hunt about two weeks and slay large numbers of deer, butthey got only one deer, a coyote, and a few jack rabbits and they remained only two days. bits, and they remained only two days.

bits, and they remained only two days.

It was on the second day that a panther, also hunting for big game, got them. He sprang out from the brush and knocked Mr. Gannon down without giving him a chance to shoot. Mr. Murray then knocked the panther down with the butt of his rifle and trouble ensued. The panther got up and tackled Murray, and they rolled about so fast and were so promiscuous that Gannon did not dare to shoot. He daned around, looking for an opening, while Murray howled and the panther yelled and clawed. Murray's ciothes lasted about a minute, and then patches of skin and shreds of fiesh began to fiy. Gannon drew his sheath knife and lunged at the panther whenever he got a chance, giving him several digs that increased his discomfort and his ill temper. Murray and the animal rolled down a bank; both of them covered with blood, and, when nearly at the bottom, the panther suddenly infused more pathos into his screeching and stopped rolling. His grip relaxed for an instant, and Murray wingsled out of the bloody embrace and tumbled into the creek. A sharp root projecting from the bank had impaled the panther through the loins, and he was stuck fast. There was danger that he would free himself in a moment and renew hostilities, and Gannon promutly threw himself upon the struggling beast and stuck the knife into its vitals a few times.

Murray was about used up and Gannon had a broken arm. They crawled over to Kearn's ranch, where their wounds were dreased. The next day some of Kearn's men hunted up the dead panther, and took off a hide that measured six leet three and a half inches from point of nose to tip of tail. It was on the second day that a panther, also

Slaying 6,475 Hate.

WASHINGTON, Pa., Jan. 26.—A general raid upon the rate that have been for a long time a most destructive nulsance at Topsail and vicinity in this county, terminated a few days ago. The raid was made under the lead of William Ames and William Pheaster, and lasted several days. The corner bs. outhouses, and garrets of the neignborhood yielded 6,475 rats to the raiders. The result of the hunt was rejoiced over at a supper, in which nearly the entire township participated.

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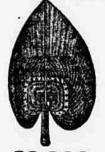
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UNEXPECTED ENDING OF A MUNE. A Party Go Out After Bear, Start Four

SPARROWBUSH, N. Y., Jan. 26,-Coe Smith. the tenacious line walker of the Seaboard Pipe Line Company, who tramps over the Sullivan county mountains and through its dense big bears slouching away in a swamp through the deep snow, and also where four more had crossed the pine line. Hoping to get on the track of one or two of the big animals, W. H. Crane of Port Jorvis and Lew and Jack Boyd of Sullivan county, all famous bear hunters, started out Monday to try their luck.

They got on the track of two bears, and seat their dogs in the awamp to rout them out. The dogs, however, got on the track to foliow the deer. The brought out four deer close to hunter Crane, which was the first intimation that the party had that the dogs had started after deer. Crane and the rest tried to catch the dogs and turn them from the chase of the deer so, they might escape, but they could not succeed. Three of the deer, however, took a course for the hills, while one left the woods, and, following the instinct of its kind, struck for water heading for the Delaware River.

It passed near Sparrowbush, closely followed by the dogs, and was shot by a leading citizen of this place while it was prostrate on the crust, having failen in its flight. The bear hunter came back without any bear, and will prosecute the illegal slaughterer of the deer.

The Mink Climbed a Tree.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., Jan. 25 .- Mike Dennin, a lad of 17, killed a mink under unusual circumstances the other day. He was hunting for rabbits just at sunset in a swampy bit of ground on Little Black Creek, a short distance below Wheelertown. The dog chased a rabbit down to the ice on the creek near where a spring-fed brook ran into the creek, keeping the water open. As the rabbit passed the accumulation of old rubbish near the mouth of the brook a mink sprang out after it. As it was about to catch the rabbit the dog came out of the brook a mink sprang out after it. As it was about to catch the rabbit the dog came out of the brush on to the lee. At this the mink fed, with the dog in hot pursuit. Instead of trying to return to the rubbish the mink ran across the creek, and, finding the dog almost on it. It rapidly climbed a spruce tree about six inches in diameter. When Dennin came along he recognized the tracks, but could scarcely believe that the mink had climbed the tree. He eventually saw it on a limb nearly forty feet from the ground, and shot it. None of the guides here has ever seen a mink climb a perpendicular tree, as this one was, but Will light and Charley Thomas have both chased them up trees that had fallen over and lodged at an incline against other trees. cumstances the other day. He was hunting for

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tissues of the body. The only \$1 Sarsaparilla actually worth \$5 a bottle.

C. H. Keyes. Druggist, Dixon, I'l., writes: "I have sold five times as much Ayer's Sarsaparilla this season as in any previous year."

"Ayet's Sarsaparilla has done me great good. I was all run down before I began taking it, and now I am ow I suffered from headanhs, indigestion, and debility, and scarcely had strength to drag my self about the house. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel as atrong and well as ever, "Mrs. M. M. Lowis, A st., Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. C. Kennedy, of 78 Pacific st., Brooktyn, N. Y., testifies that she was afflicted four years with nervous prestration and other complaints. Mind and body seemed to have given out to gether. The doctors' prescriptions being of no avail, she at last began the use of

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Aparilla. "Now," she writes, "I can scarcely believe I had ever boom ill."

Sarsaparilla. "How," she writes, "I can scarcely believe I had ever boom ill."

Bett Ayer's Sarsaparilla and no other, Is is the standard blood-purifier "I have been troubled for years with nervous debility, Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured mo."—T. McCarthy, 30 Whiter st., Lowell, Mass.

Henry Lamb, Somerylle, Nass., sters suffering for some time from debility, was cured by using for some time from debility, was cured by using for some time from debility, was cured by using for some time from debility, was cured by using for some time from debility, was cured by using for some time from debility, was cured by using for some time from debility, was cured by using for some time from debility, was cured by using for some time from debility and can truly say that the market."—Capit G. W. Chinso, Gardiner, Mc

saparilla. "Now," she writes, "I can scarcely and three bottles restored me."-J. B. Mehn, Shilot, Ohio.